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THE

GROUPE.

A POEM.

Fancied from a PICTURE.

Ah, non ut Pictura, Poesis!

THE

GROUPE.

A POEM.

Tranſlated from a PICTURE.

THE GROUPE.

WHEN Art, by Nature taught, repays
Her kind Preceptress, and displays
In lasting Tints her fading Charms,
The Canvas cold with Sunshine warms,
Gives to the Spring perpetual Green,
And fixes in the rural Scene
The various Beauties, that adorn
With transient Grace an April Morn;
Pleas'd we behold those Charms remain,
And Art is Nature o'er again.

But when Art elevates her Plan
From Things inanimate to Man;
Dares to attempt the bold Design
To trace the "human Face divine,"
To ev'ry Trait Expression gives—
'Tis done—and lo! the Canvas lives!

Creative

Creative thus, yet not content
The lonely Portrait to preſent,
Art ſtill proceeds, from Nature ſtill
Derives new Leſſons for her Skill;
And learns, as varying Forms encreaſe,
To *groupe* them in the ſocial Piece.
This is the Maſter-work of Art,
Engaging moſt the Eye and Heart:
Each Figure lives and acts—we gaze,
And feel the Picture, which we praiſe:—
But gen'rous Art all Praiſe diſlikes,
And gives her Pencil up to Sykes.
" Take this," ſays ſhe; " which when you uſe,
" Some intereſting Subject chuſe,
" Such Sentiments alone to move
" As Taſte and Virtue may approve."
Sykes took both Pencil and Advice;
Next takes his Horſe—and in a Trice
His wiſely-judg'd Attendance gives
Where ſocial Love with Rotheram lives.
A Village, which I dare not name—
And yet, methinks, it is a Shame
No Bard ſhou'd e'er that Village ſing,
Where flows the true Caſtalian *Spring*—
Then be it call'd and underſtood
" The Village of GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD"—
Here Rotheram lives, in bleſt Retreat,
In Gillin's ancient, hallow'd Seat.

The

The ever-hoſpitable Door
Still opens both to Rich and Poor:
With Plenty ſtill the Houſe is ſtor'd;
Temp'rance ſtill regulates the Board—
Perhaps additionally grac'd
By modern Elegance and Taſte.
Here, when dull Winter glooms around,
Nor Leaf nor ling'ring Flow'r is found;
Then Rotheram bids the Seaſon ſmile,
And Mirth and Wine the Year beguile;
Good-Humour then and Wit agree,
And BEAUTY crowns our Jubilee.

Quoth Sykes to Sykes, "A Groupe ſo large
" The Piece intended will o'er-charge:
" This Hurly-Burly muſt be done,
" Before my fav'rite Point is won.
" I'll wait the tranquil Hours he ſpends
" In Converſe with his Kindred-Friends."

Art, preſent all the while, unſeen,
Now peeping from behind a Screen,
Privy to Sykes's deep Intent,
Nodded and wink'd, and ſmil'd Aſſent.
The Feaſt was o'er; behind the Reſt
Sykes ſtopt, and ſtay'd an o'er-night Gueſt:
The Morning came—the Kindred ſet
Together *en Famille* were met.

Quoth Sykes, " Tho' Yeſterday was gay,
" Methinks, we more enjoy To-day:

" Reduc'd, we need not much complain—
" *Three Generations* ſtill remain.
" And now a Thought my Fancy ſtrikes,
" A Thought, which if none here diſlikes,
" For Execution ſeems to call—
" Give me but Leave, I'll *groupe you all.*"
Ah! how imprudent was the Muſe
A Theme ſo difficult to chuſe!
How ſhall the Pen the Pencil follow?
Alas, no Painter was Apollo.—
Full in the Centre of the Whole
Sits Rotheram's Self—the Picture's Soul;
And ſeems all round him to diſpenſe
Life, Paſſion and Intelligence.
That awful Brow, the Seat of Thought,
From Embryo to Perfection brought;
From which, Truth's Empire to maintain,
The arm'd Minervas of his Brain
All iſſue forth to glorious Fight,
And put whole Sceptic Hoſts to flight—
That Eye, which rais'd to Heav'n ſurveys
Of all its Orbs the wond'rous Ways,
And trav'ling thro' each ſtarry Road
Traces the Footſteps of a GOD;
Which ſtill looks up, ſtill traces more,
Still wiſhes nearer to adore—
That piercing Eye, that awful Brow
Moſt pleaſingly are ſoften'd now;

And,

And, pleas'd themſelves, both condeſcend
O'er *Infant Innocence* to bend.

His *Niece*'s* Arms the Child enfold,
It's Mother by each Feature told:
And downcaſt Looks of tender Care
A Mother's inmoſt Soul declare.

The Form, which next attracts our View,
Commands our Veneration too:
A *Mother's Mother!*‡ Here we ſee
True Matron-Senſibility.
That mellow'd Eye, that Aſpect ſage,
Fraught with the deep Regards of Age,
Tho' fix'd on Objects juſtly dear,
Gleam with ſoft Pleaſure, dim'd by Fear.

In Poſture thoughtful, yet ſerene,
Her *elder Brother*† next is ſeen:
Not ſuch the Thoughts, that owe their Birth
To Cares and Sorrows of this Earth!
Full to the Light he turns his Eye,
Catching the Radiance from the Sky;
And ſeems within himſelf to ſay;
"I look for a far brighter Day."

Near him the *Matron's Huſband* ſtands,
The Fate of Nations in his Hands:
The magic Glaſſes on his Noſe
The Secrets of all States diſcloſe:
He ſees with more than nat'ral Sight
Each Deed of Darkneſs brought to Light;
Detects

* Mrs Wood
‡ Mrs Wallis
† Mr Thomas Rotheram.

** Mr Wallis.

Detects the Wiles of Court-Intrigue,
And ſcans the faithleſs *Northern League*;
He ſpies the *Frenchman*'s hidden Snare,
And bids *America*, Beware!
He ſhakes his Head at ſilly *Spain*,
And wonders ſhe'd be dup'd again;
He pities *Philip*'s want of Wit,
But ſmiles to ſee the *Dutchman* bit.

How bleſt wou'd Kings and Stateſmen be,
Cou'd they but read and ſmile like thee!

Next him, his *Son-in-Law** ne'er heeds
The foreign Broils his Father reads—
Domeſtic Joys engroſs his Heart,
Untouch'd by Diſcord's ranc'rous Dart:
His Wife—his Daughter—charm his Sight,
Fix'd in a Gaze of fond Delight.

With Love leſs ardent, not leſs true,
Is mark'd the Face, which next we view.
A Likeneſs ſtrikes me—on my Life,
It is the *Brother of that Wife*†:
Their Features and their Forms agree—
'Tis Nature's Pencil here we ſee!

Sykes, be not jealous of thy Fame!
Thy Praiſe and Nature's are the ſame.
More Danger may'ſt thou apprehend
From this thy young ingenious Friend:
He too a Pencil doth poſſeſs,
Which Art and Nature join to bleſs.—

* Mr Wood
† Mr Richard Wallis.

To

To his lov'd Niece he forward bends,
And with the gent'leſt Hand contends,
As Towns and Fiddles may be ſpoil'd,
To ſave *Cremona* from the Child.
O Sykes, had ſhe but thrown it down,
And cruſh'd the Rival of thy own!
Young *Annie*, with a careleſs Air, Miss Wallis
Is lolling o'er her Brother's Chair:
In the blithe Seaſon of Eighteen
She blooms, and "Love laughs in her E'en."
"A Painter's Fortune," it is ſaid,
"By Flatt'ry can alone be made;"
And yet, Friend Sykes, it muſt appear,
You have forgot that Maxim here;
Or chuſe this Secret to impart,
That Nature ſometimes baffles Art.
And here the Muſe's Labours end,
I drop the Poet for the Friend,
And in plain Friendſhip's honeſt Zeal
Will breathe the Wiſhes which I feel.
To Sykes I wiſh, what Sykes may claim,
The Painter's Meed of Wealth and Fame—
To all the GROUPE, long to enjoy
Their preſent Bliſs without Alloy,
And after DEATH to meet again,
Where SOCIAL LOVE ſhall ever reign.

Miss Annie Wallis. F I N I S.

To his lov'd Niece he forward bends,
And with the gent'lest Hand commends,
As Towns and Fiddles may be spoild,
To save Cremone from the Child.
O S——s, had the but thrown it down,
And truth'd the Rival of thy own!

Young Marie, with a careless Air,
Is lolling o'er her Brother's Chair:
In the blithe Season of Eighteen
She bloomes, and "Love laughs in her Een."
"A Painter's Fortune," it is said,
"By Flattery can alone be made;"
And yet, Friend S——s, it must appear,
You have forgot that Maxim here;
Or chuse this Secret to impart,
That Nature sometimes baffles Art.
And here the Artist's Labours end,
I drop the Poet for the Friend,
And in plain Prose, but honest Zeal
Will breathe the Wish which I feel.
To S——s I wish, what S——s may claim,
The Painter's Meed of Wealth and Fame——
To all the GROUPE, long to enjoy
Their present Bliss without Alloy,
And after DEATH to meet again,
Where SOCIAL LOVE shall ever reign.

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